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The boys were "put thru" in groups of five, the first two groups by the faculty members and the writer, the last group by the newly elected officers of the Chapter. It was in the last group that two of the "victims" chose "the Republican Party" and "Woman Suffrage" as the theses they elected to defend against the attacks of their fellows, and they experienced some difficulty in having even the question accepted.

After the installation, all of the men proceeded to the banquet hall of the Chittenden, where the installing committee and the poor fellows who had been so unfortunate as to be called upon to speak to some self chosen topic, not to forget the officers, who had their first experience in initiating men under the critical, though sympathetic eyes of the old timers, recovered from their strenuous work of the preceding three hours; and the recovery was complete.

The appointments were perfect, the dinner left nothing to be wished for, the decorations were red and white carnations, and the addresses were snappy and not too long. There were on the program four talks, and an address by the National President. Instead, because the N. P. had not been forewarned that he was to be called upon, and because, moreover, he had expected to be compelled to leave the moment the installation was over, there were four good addresses and a rambling talk

by the writer, which, however, was generously received. Indeed, he who was at twelve, noon, an utter stranger to all but two people, was before twelve, midnight, made to feel that he was among friends, and brothers, in fact, and not merely in the name, Phi Delta Kappa.

Side Lights.

The young enthusiastic men forming this, at the time our newest chapter, taxed themselves somewhat heavily to start their career as members of Phi Delta Kappa with all their financial obligations toward the Fraternity discharged, and a reserve to go on.

That the Fraternity needs a ritual of some kind to be used in installing a new chapter seemed to be the consensus of opinion among the committee. As it was, we were compelled to use a modification of the Chicago ritual. The very fact that such a term can be used—the Chicago ritual—seems to the writer to present an anomalous situation. In his opinion there should be a Phi Delta Kappa ritual, and not twenty different rituals, one for each chapter. That rituals be allowed to differ somewhat to meet local conditions may be conceded, but that they should differ so much that it is difficult to recognize a resemblance, cannot possibly be insisted on. Or can it? The columns of the Phi Delta Kappan is the place to air your views.

Reminiscences of the Seventh National Council

JAY BARTON, Missouri.

Brother Barton was a visitor at the sessions of the Seventh Council and we have asked him to write a communication giving his impressions of the meeting.—Managing Editor.

The Gladstone was filled. Not a room could be obtained. And although the Ingersol declared the

time to be nearly eight, there was no Phi Delta Kappa man to be found.

Imagine a villager from Podunk, Missouri, sitting in the lobby of a family hotel in Chicago—an inexperienced farmer lad in Omar's harem!

But all torture, whether pleasant or unpleasant, must end. McAllister at last awoke. His handshake seemed to bring to life others who were old friends, and soon Dave Houser, Roy Warren, George Kyte and Johnny Norton were reminding the innocent of fellowship in and about Oakland at the sixth council meeting.

Who said breakfast? That was a pleasant hour. Everyone had news and questions—and Phi Delta Kappa: Will we get together? What is Blank's attitude on this? What shall be done about that?

Once more in the lobby, we found President Schacht (Scratch, to his intimates—and an attempt to read his writing will disclose the second reason for jumbling the letters). With him were Fuller, the Missouri delegate, and W. W. Hawkins, an old Missouri man who has deserted his Alma Mater to teach in her dearest enemy, Kansas University. There also were unknown men from well known schools, and the hearty handclasp of these men emphasized the fellowship of Phi Delta Kappa.

Meeting time astonished those who had attended or who knew of former council meetings. The council chamber at the Chicago convention was beautifully decorated. There were excellent facilities for writing, a telephone was in the room and a page was constantly in attendance.

The French page opened the door during the Wednesday afternoon session and called: "Is Mr. S-c-h-a-c-h-t here? He is wanted outside?"

Roll call furnished another pleasant surprise. Imagine the joy of a man, who was elected in 1911 and who has followed carefully each

council meeting, sitting in a room where only one Chapter was without a representative.

How the councilors did work! The sessions were long, but they were not tedious, because every man gave the best he had—the best of his thoughts, the best of his nature and the utmost of his time and energy.

There was so much work to be done that every one had to serve as a committeeman. Not only did the committeemen work hard, they worked long: Didcoct, Shaw and Fuller, the committee on constitutional amendments and revision, worked from 11 p. m. until 6:30 a. m. and attended a morning session at 9:30.

However, the sessions and committee meetings were not without debates. Kyte, a wild Irishman from California; Olney, the little giant from Kansas, and Shaw, our Harvard high brow, became so enthused the Thursday evening session that Brother Houser, acting president at the Friday morning session, diplomatically appointed Brother Shaw sergeant-at-arms. Kyte became quite docile, Olney's gestures were less pronounced and Shaw, realizing the importance of his office, was a model in the observance of parliamentary rights, never offering to speak more than three or four times on one question.

And yet there were smiles to interrupt the routine of business. President Scratch, during one of the sessions over which he was presiding, wanted to speak, and looking about in vain for the chairman, finally said: "Mr. President! Mr. President!! Mr. President!!!"

Thursday night someone decided that Dave should be rewarded for his work as historian. Three stogies were purchased for five cents and wrapped in imported paper. At the opening of the Friday session, O'Keefe obtained the floor and, after

eulogizing the historian and his work said: "The council wishes to show its appreciation, and I therefore take great pleasure in tendering to you, Brother Houser, our noble historian, this memento, which we hope you will enjoy as much as we have."

Not the least interesting parts of the day were the after-session groups and the feeds. It was here that one visited with old friends and learned to know and to love the strength of the brothers with whom he was associated for the first time. Sometimes there would be discussions of the business transacted at the last session, the effect of the legislation upon the home Chapter, the views of the home Chapter on some subject yet to come before the council, or personal views upon Phi Delta Kappa business. But when business was not pressing, someone always had a good story to tell or an experience to relate concerning an amusing or a disastrous encounter with a child or a school board.

These men, who, in the council room, agreed and disagreed, fought and came to terms, were, in the in-

formal gatherings, the best of fellows together. Ten minutes after a heated discussion the leaders would be walking arm in arm toward the ice water.

One of the happiest evenings was the last, after a big feed. Scratch loaded twelve men and three suitcases into, upon and around his jitney bus and essayed to deliver them to various points. Dave, Warren, Norton, Kyte, Hawkins and the farmer stopped at Dave's room in Hitchcock Hall for a reunion.

Student songs and student stories were in order—as were Tareytons for the two heathen. In the midst of "Cheer, Cheer, the Gang's All Here," Norton thought to reassure himself of his 10:30 train. It departed at 9:30, leaving him thirty-five minutes in which to ride ten miles. No taxi could be found, but it was worth a small fortune to watch those long legs going up the street in search of one.

A question in closing: Did you ever mount an intermediate station of the L and wait for an express train to stop?

Let Us All Boost!

(The following communication to Chapter Corresponding Secretaries was sent to us by Brother Houser for our files, but was not sent for publication. However, we are publishing it in full so that the members of our Fraternity may know something of the big task that our National Historian is performing and that each member will feel a personal interest in urging his Corresponding Secretary to give prompt attention to this important matter.—Managing Editor.)

University Club, Fresno, Cal.,
January 29, 1917.

Mr.,
Secretary Chapter,
Phi Delta Kappa Fraternity.

Dear Brother:

In spite of the fact that a considerable number of letters have been sent out from this office and explicit directions have been given as to methods of compiling data regarding chapter membership, but a few chapters have so far sent in satisfactory lists to the Historian.

Such extreme delay has not been anticipated and promises seriously to inconvenience attempts to issue the national directory this year. Therefore, it is earnestly urged that every possible effort be made in